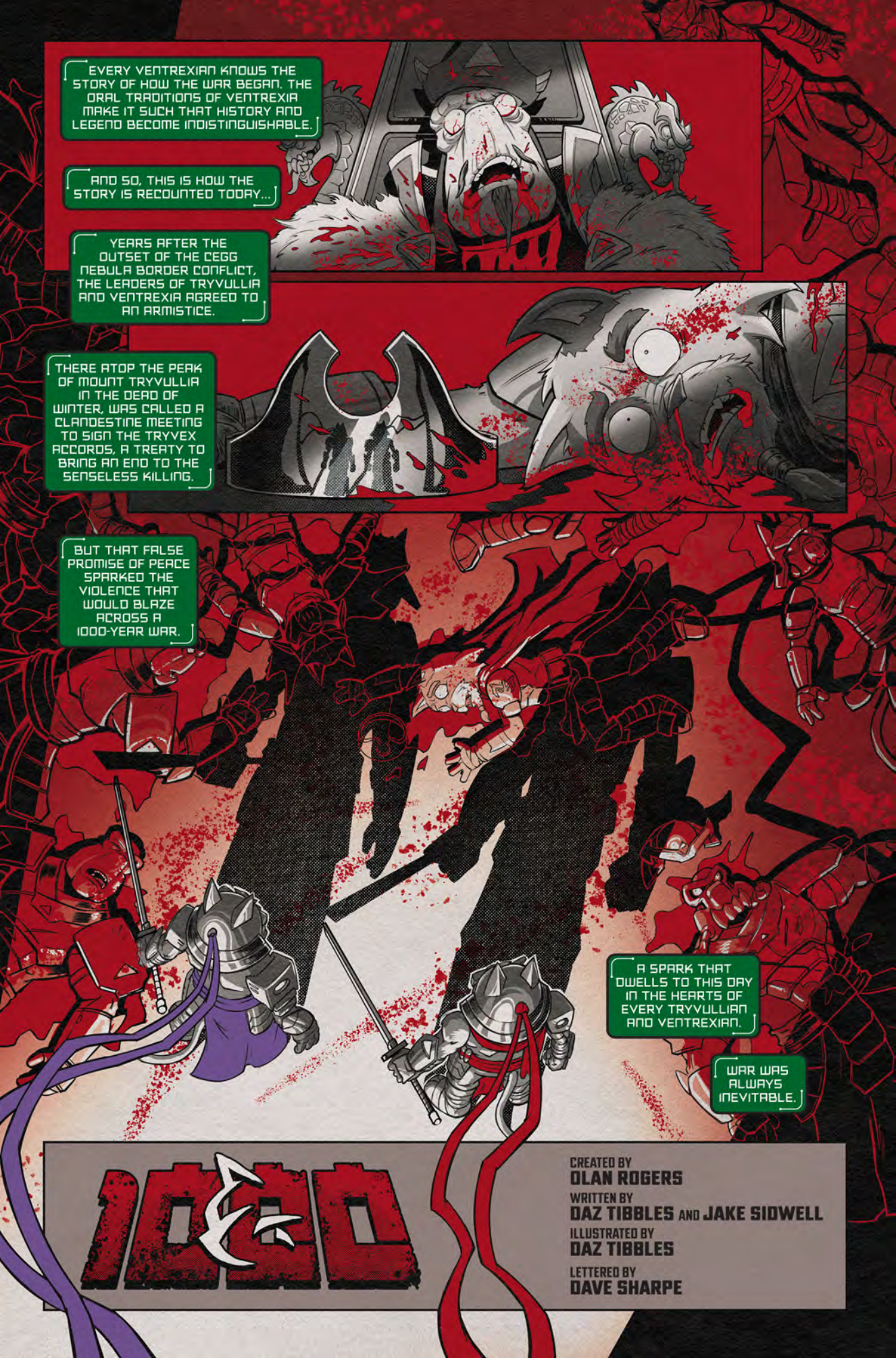
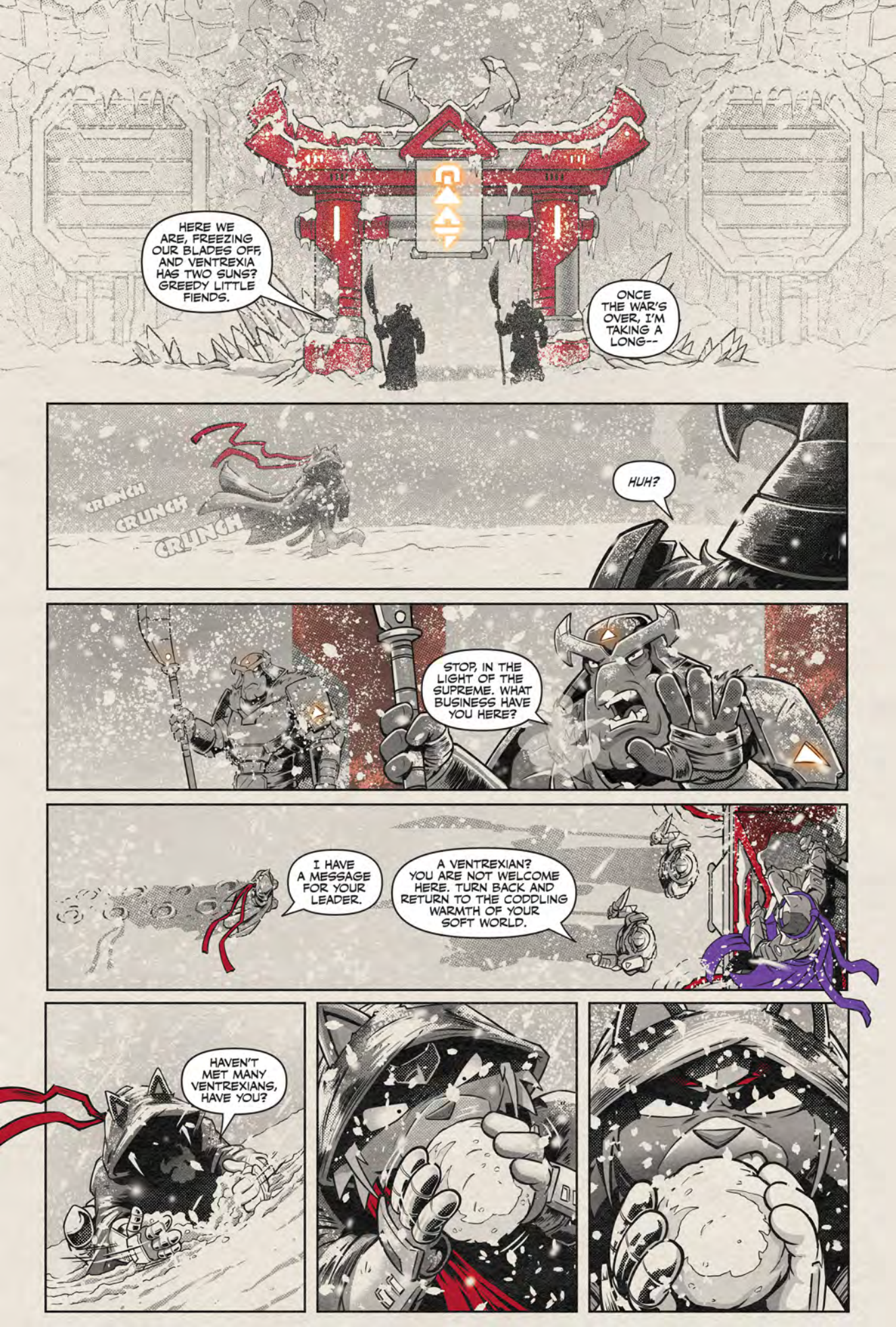
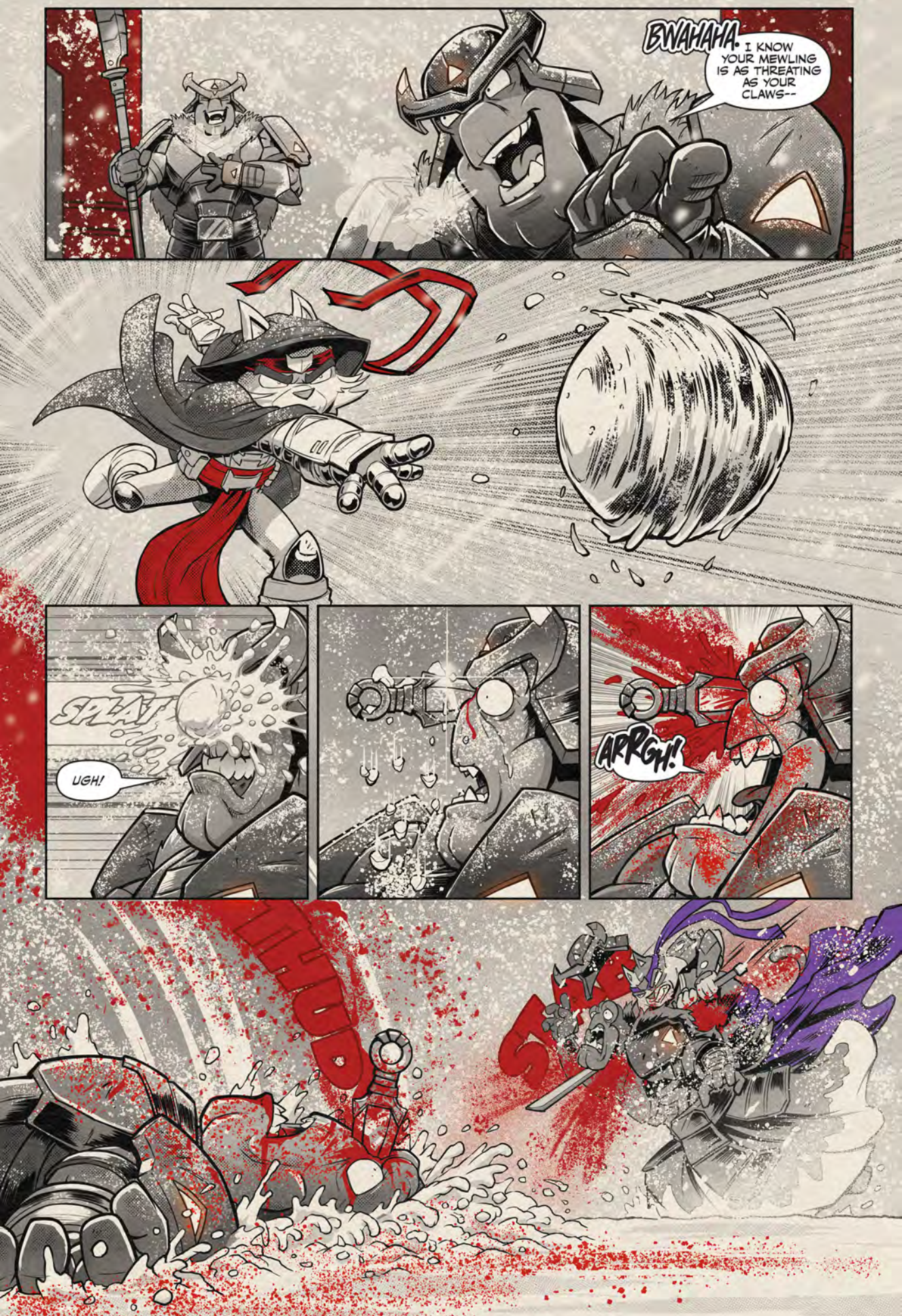
1984

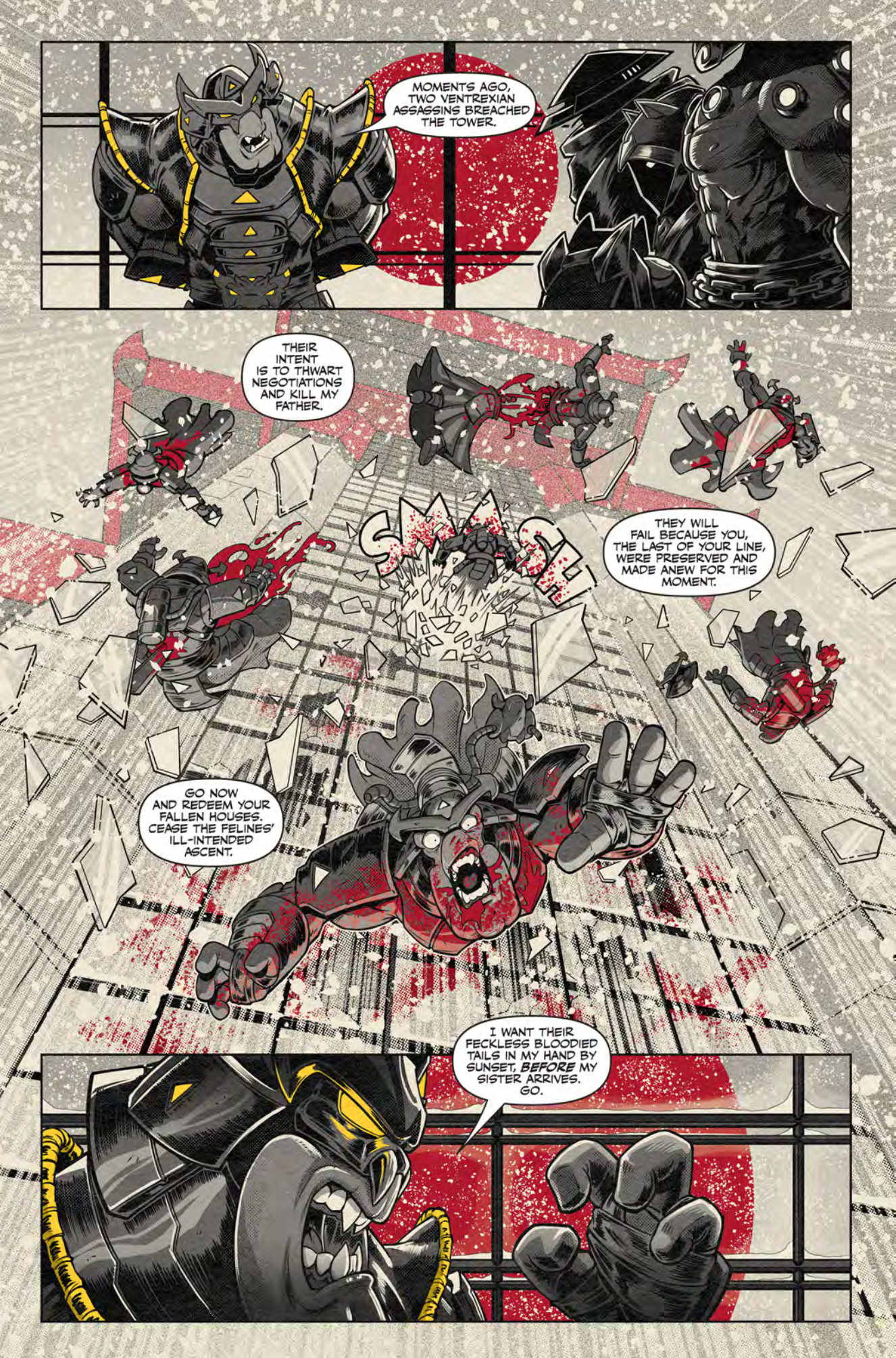

EVERY VENTREXIAN KNOWS THE STORY OF HOW THE WAR BEGAN. THE ORAL TRADITIONS OF VENTREXIA MAKE IT SUCH THAT HISTORY AND LEGEND BECOME INDISTINGUISHABLE.
AND SO, THIS IS HOW THE STORY IS RECOUNTED TODAY...
YEARS AFTER THE OUTSET OF THE CEGG NEBULA BORDER CONFLICT, THE LEADERS OF TRYVULLIA AND VENTREXIA AGREED TO AN ARMISTICE.
THERE ATOP THE PEAK OF MOUNT TRYVULLIA IN THE DEAD OF WINTER, WAS CALLED A CLANDESTINE MEETING TO SIGN THE TRYVEX ACCORDS, A TREATY TO BRING AN END TO THE SENSELESS KILLING.
BUT THAT FALSE PROMISE OF PEACE SPARKED THE VIOLENCE THAT WOULD BLAZE ACROSS A 1000-YEAR WAR.
A SPARK THAT DWELLS TO THIS DAY IN THE HEARTS OF EVERY TRYVULLIAN AND VENTREXIAN.
WAR WAS ALWAYS INEVITABLE.
1000
CREATED BY
OLAN ROGERS
WRITTEN BY
DAZ TIBBLES AND JAKE SIDWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
DAZ TIBBLES
LETTERED BY
DAVE SHARPE

TWO HOURS EARLIER
THIS IS IT, BROTHER. TIME TO PUT THAT TRAINING TO USE.
NOW, RECITE THE THREE TENETS OF WARFARE.
DO I HAVE TO?
...
FINE. UM. A DULL MIND IS A DULL BLADE.
REST IS THE WORK OF THE DEAD. AND, UH...
...ALWAYS TIE YOUR BOOTS.
GOOD.
THIRD ONE FEELS ANTIQUATED. WE HAVEN'T USED LACES SINCE THE GALLATIN WARS.
THE OLD WORDS ARE ABOUT PREPARATION. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THEM.
SPEAKING OF, THERE'S OUR DESTINATION. THE VALLEY GATE.


HERE WE ARE, FREEZING OUR BLADES OFF, AND VENTREXIA HAS TWO SUNS? GREEDY LITTLE FIENDS.
ONCE THE WAR'S OVER, I'M TAKING A LONG--
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
HUH?
STOP, IN THE LIGHT OF THE SUPREME. WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE?
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR LEADER.
A VENTREXIAN? YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE. TURN BACK AND RETURN TO THE CODDLING WARMTH OF YOUR SOFT WORLD.
HAVEN'T MET MANY VENTREXIANS, HAVE YOU?


BWAHAHA
I KNOW YOUR MEWLING IS AS THREATING AS YOUR CLAWS--
SPLAT
UGH!
ARRGH!
THUD
SLICE

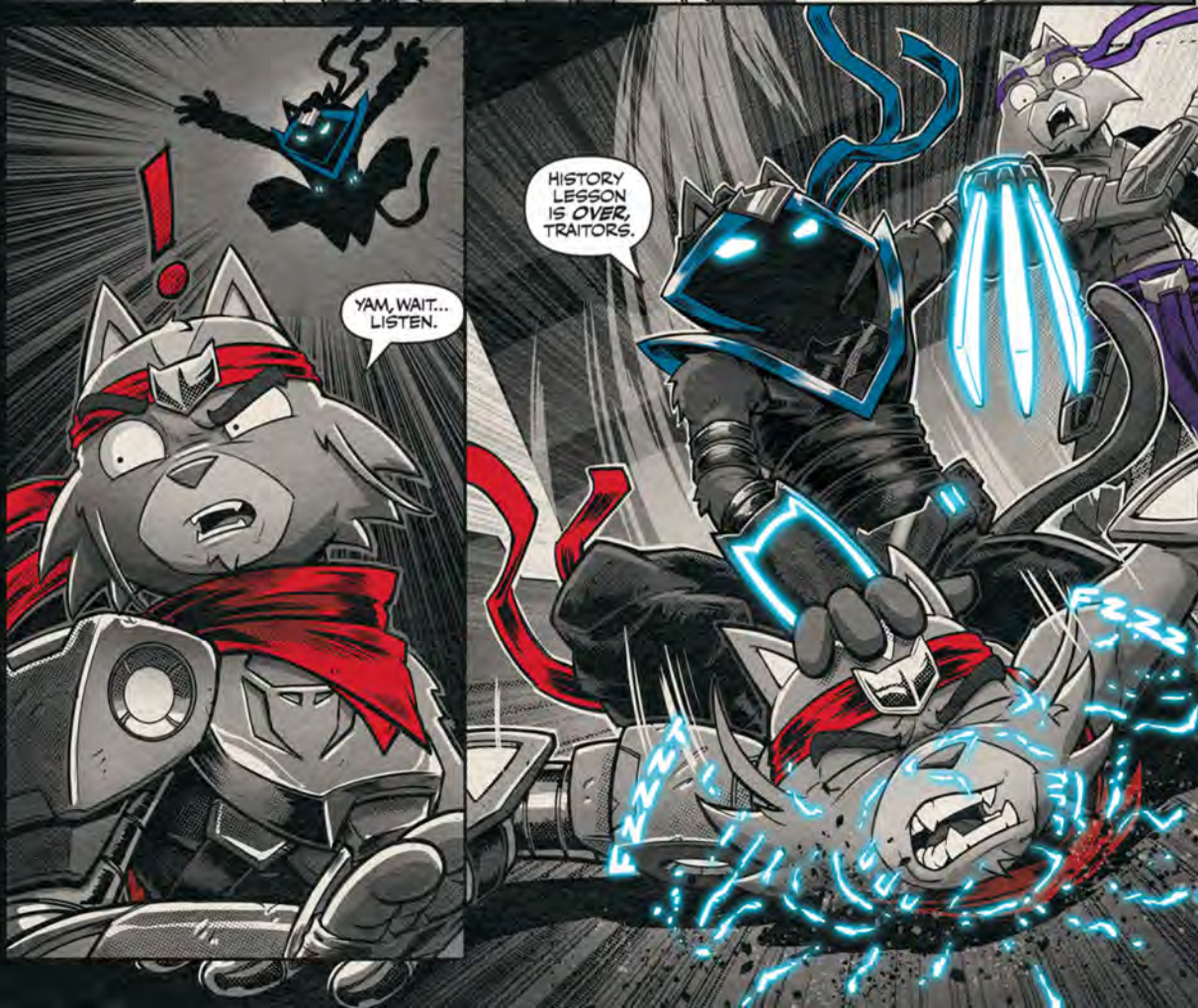
AND THE GATE IS OPEN. DIDN'T EVEN NEED A KEY.
JUST REMEMBER WHY WE'RE HERE--
--TO DO WHAT VENTREXIA WON'T.
THE WORTHLESS BEFOULING SCUM.
GENERAL, THE VENTREXIAN AND TRYVULLIAN LEADERS ARE SECURED ON THE TOP FLOOR IN THE GILDED BOON.
BY MY HONOR, THE CONCORD SHALL CONTINUE UNINTERRUPTED.
FOUND
GOOD. NONE IN OR OUT. NOW, BRING ME THE WITLESS SCIONS.


MOMENTS AGO, TWO VENTREXIAN ASSASSINS BREACHED THE TOWER.
THEIR INTENT IS TO THWART NEGOTIATIONS AND KILL MY FATHER.
SMASH
THEY WILL FAIL BECAUSE YOU, THE LAST OF YOUR LINE, WERE PRESERVED AND MADE ANEW FOR THIS MOMENT.
GO NOW AND REDEEM YOUR FALLEN HOUSES. CEASE THE FELINES' ILL-INTENDED ASCENT.
I WANT THEIR FECKLESS BLOODIED TAILS IN MY HAND BY SUNSET, *BEFORE* MY SISTER ARRIVES. GO.

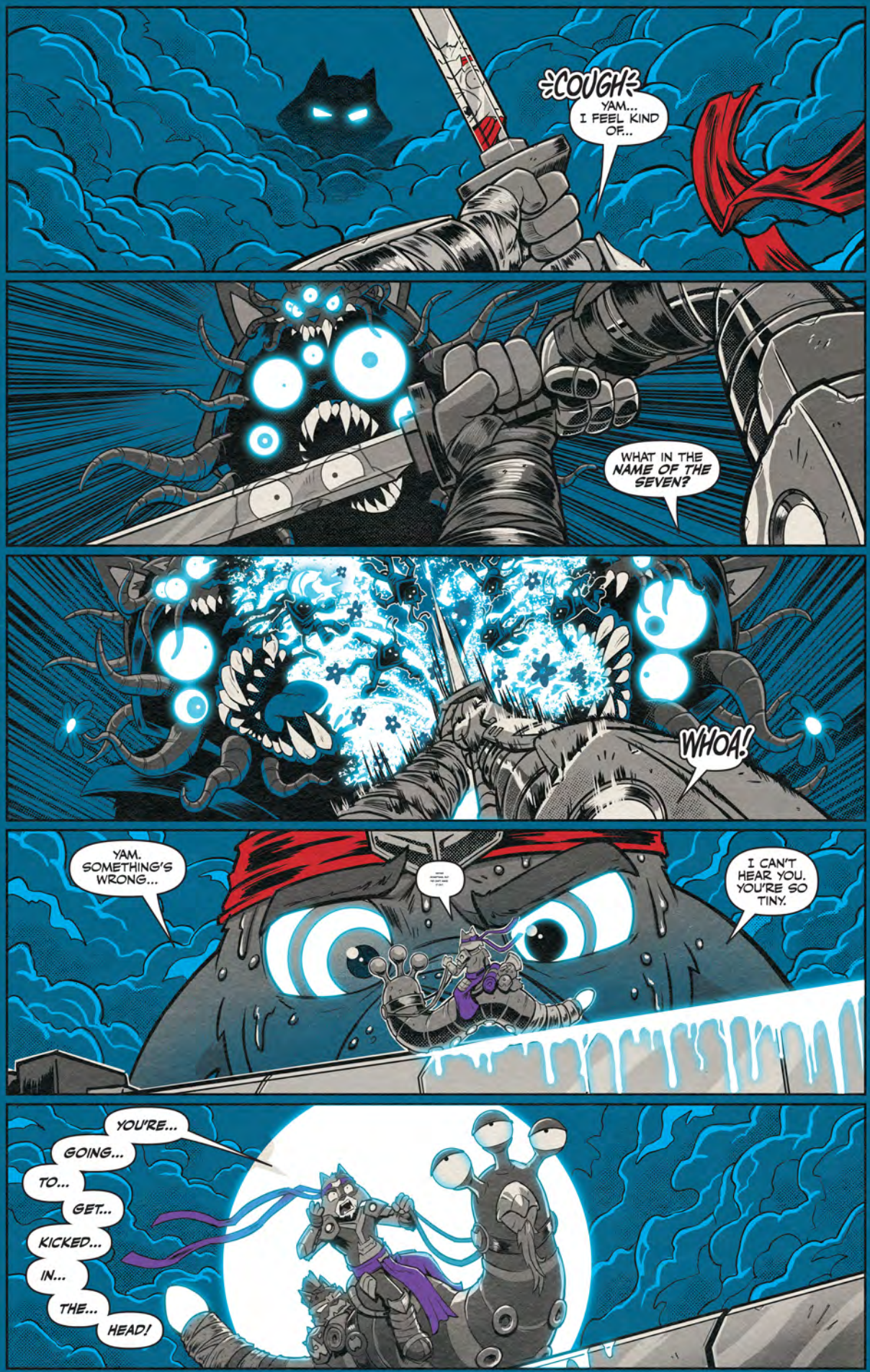
LEVEL 77

LOOK AT ALL THIS. IT'S LIKE A WHO'S WHO OF HISTORY'S GREATEST WARRIORS.
ALL STOLEN IN THE TRYVULLIAN GALACTIC RAIDS. IGNOBLE BRIGANDS. THIS COLLECTION STANDS AS NOTHING MORE THAN A MONUMENT TO THEIR DISGRACE.

WHOA! VENTREXIAN ARMOR. "COMMANDANT POMELO CATO."
I THOUGHT THE CATO'S WERE A MYTH.
NO. JUST ISOLATIONISTS. BARELY A HANDFUL LEFT, WANDERING THE STARS IN SEARCH OF--


!
YAM, WAIT... LISTEN.
HISTORY LESSON IS *OVER,* TRAITORS.
FZZZT
FZZZT

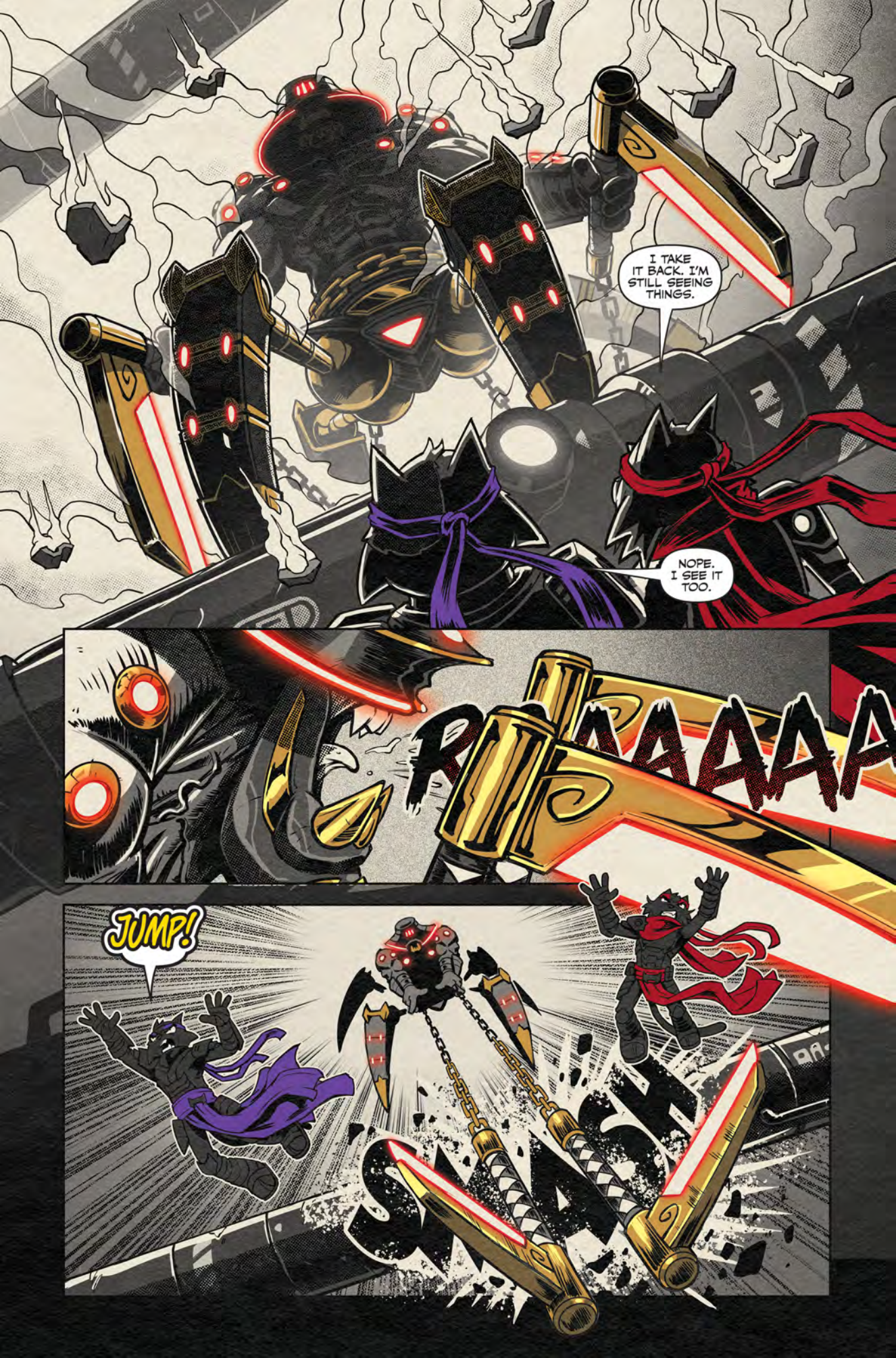
IT'S THE FELIS SICARIUS!
VENTREXIANS? WHY DO THEY ATTACK US?
DO NOT HESITATE!
THESE VILLAINS WERE BANISHED FOR THEIR SADISTIC KILLING METHODS! THEY HAVE NO PLACE IN A CIVILIZED KINGDOM!
MUSIC TO MY EARS!
NO MERCY FOR THE EXILES!
FOR VENTREXIA!
DON'T BREATHE IN THE SMOKE! IT'S MADE FROM TREXNIP POLLEN!
MY HELMET...
...IT'S STILL REBOOTING...
PIFF
PIFF
PIFF
PIFF
PIFF
PIFF


COUGH
YAM... I FEEL KIND OF...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE SEVEN?
WHOA!
YAM. SOMETHING'S WRONG...
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. YOU'RE SO TINY.
YOU'RE... GOING... TO... GET... KICKED... IN... THE... HEAD!

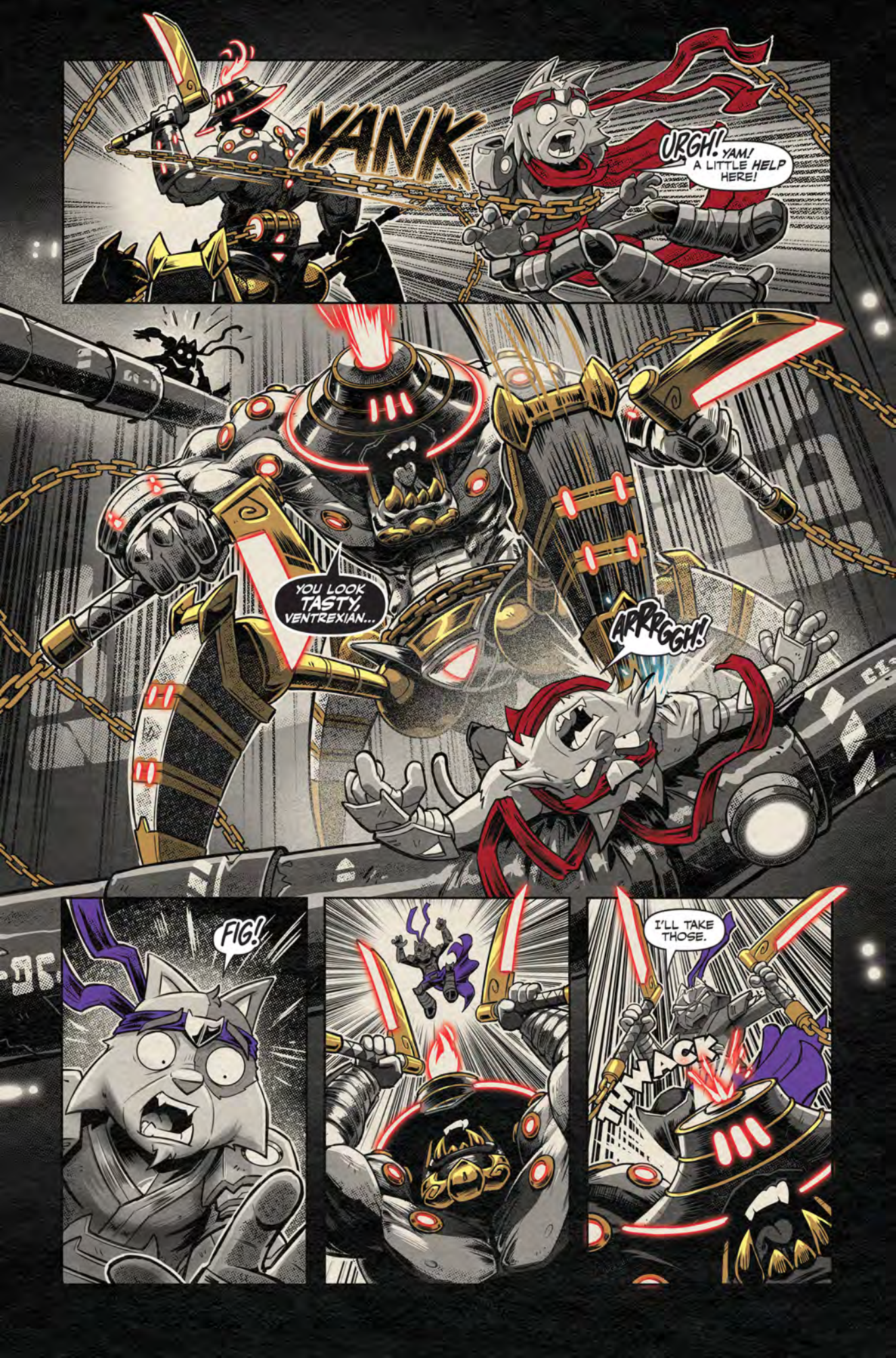
ONE LAST STORY.
THWACK
URGH!
ONCE, THERE WERE TWO VENTREXIAN FOOLS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD START A WAR.
THWACK
SMASH
THEY AIMED TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT ON THEIR OWN KING'S LIFE.
BUT IN THEIR HASTE, THEY FAILED TO ACCOUNT FOR ONE THING...
THE FELIS SICARIUS, HEROES OF THE VENTREXIA OF OLD, A PLACE WHERE RESULTS MATTERED ABOVE ALL ELSE, STOPPED THEM!
AND THE KING WELCOMED THE FELIS HOME WITH OPEN ARMS.
YOUR STORYTELLING IS AS DULL AS YOUR BLADE.
TINK
AND YOUR STORY ENDS HERE!

???
NAH. I HAVE A DIFFERENT ENDING IN MIND.
WHOA!
EASY, FIG. IT'S ME.
YAM?!
FOOMP
WHERE'S YOUR SNAIL MOUNT?
KEEP BREATHING. THE EFFECTS OF THE TREXNIP SHOULD WEAR OFF MOMENTARILY.
COME. I'VE FOUND US A WAY UP.

LEVEL 126
THWACK!
HAS YOUR CONDITION IMPROVED?
SEEMS SO. NO MORE HALLUCINATIONS.
WOOSH
GOOD. READY YOURSELF FOR A CLIMB.
THIS SHOULD TAKE US TO THE GILDED BOON. THE TOP FLOOR.
GREAT! NOW WHAT?


I TAKE IT BACK. I'M STILL SEEING THINGS.
NOPE. I SEE IT TOO.
RAAAAA
JUMP!
SMASH

WHO IN THE SEVEN IS THIS GUY?
OF THE WITLESS SCIONS, I AM THE FEASTER OF HEARTS! CHEWER OF SPLEENS!
SOME CALL ME... BRIAN!
WELL, BRIAN, I LAMENT TO INFORM YOU, WE OFFER NO QUARTER, EVEN TO THOSE WHO...CHEW SPLEENS.

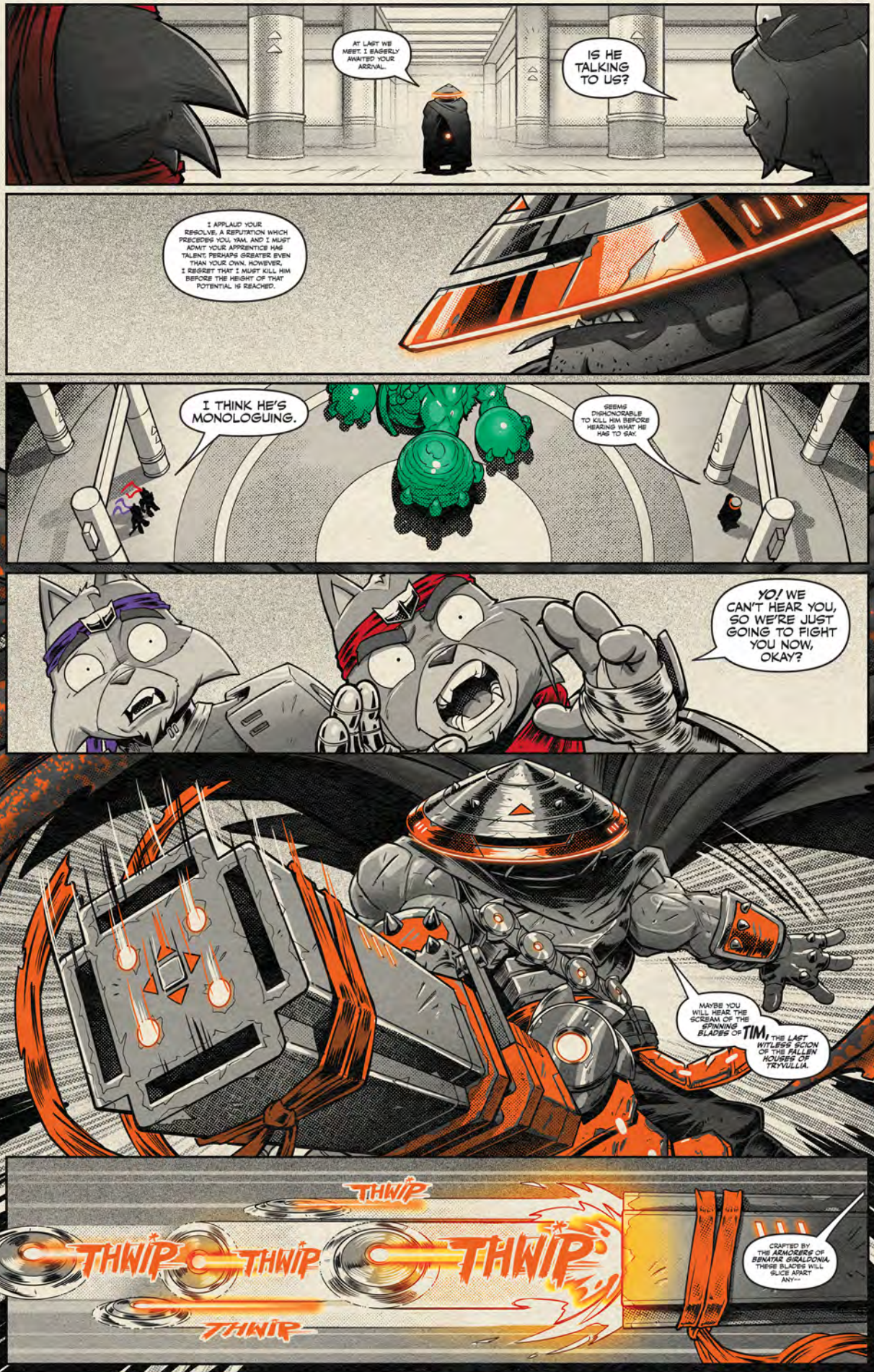

YANK
URGH! YAM! A LITTLE HELP HERE!
YOU LOOK TASTY, VENTREXIAN...
ARRRGGH!
FIG!
I'LL TAKE THOSE.
SMACK

CATCH!
LET'S TIE THIS UP!
ARRRRGH!
WHOOOSH

KARLAN

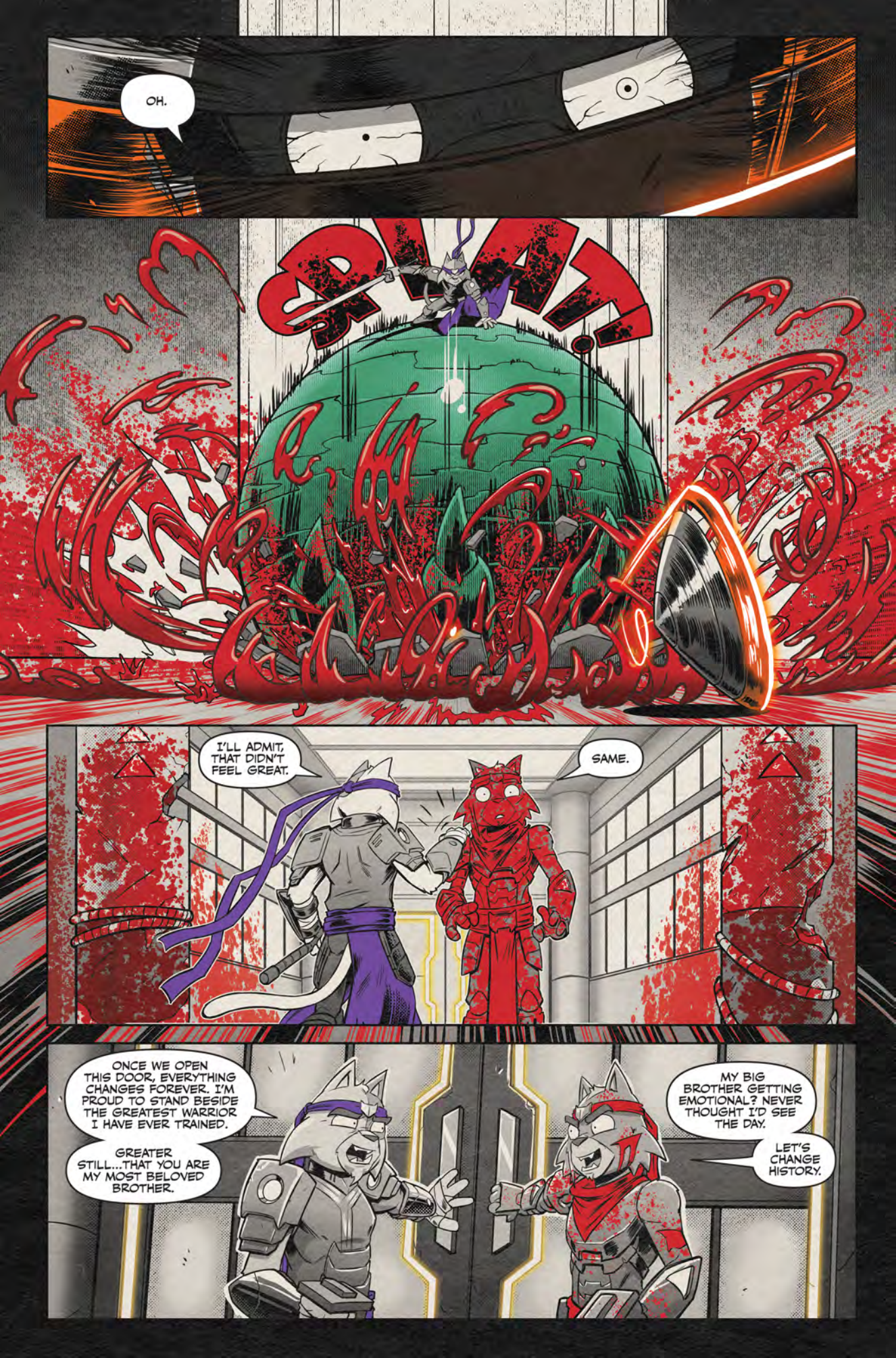
HOW FAIRS YOUR ARM, BROTHER?
STILL FUNCTIONING. I'LL HAVE AGGIE CHECK IT ONCE WE'RE HOME.
KABOOM
TWELVE CURSES ON THESE FLEA-BITTEN MALEVOLENTS.
ENOUGH.
ASSEMBLE THE PEERLESS GUARD AND ASCEND TO THE GILDED BOON.
ENTER NOT UNTIL I ARRIVE.
YES, GENERAL.

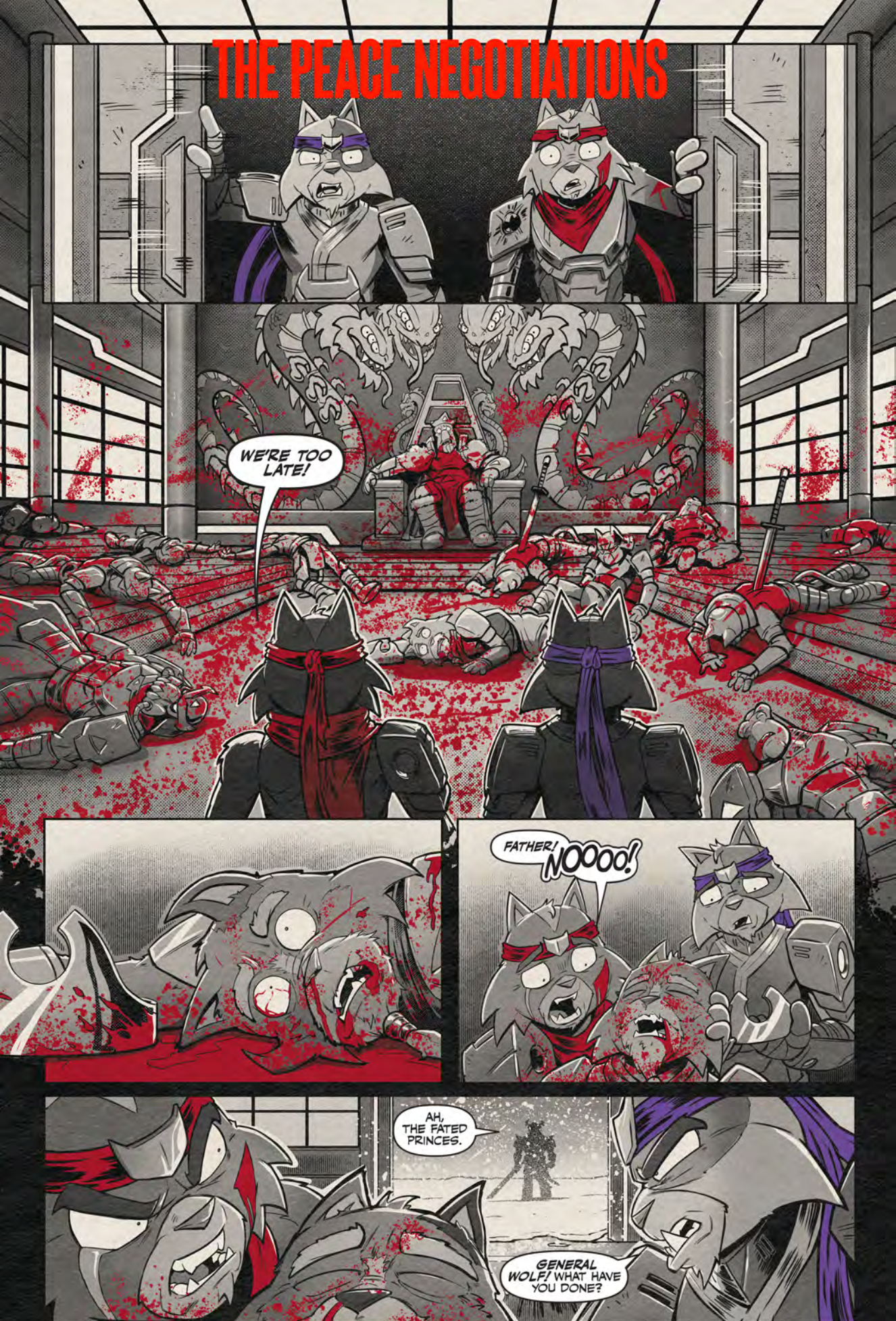
LEVEL 203
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US BEYOND THIS HALL. MAINTAIN FOCUS. THE THREE TENETS--
BROTHER, I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE FOCUSED IN MY...
...WHAT IN THE SEVEN IS THAT?
MM. A TITAN.
FATHER REGALED ME WITH TALES OF THEIR MIGHT. HE CLAIMED ONE COULD ANNIHILATE ENTIRE WORLDS.
HA. FATHER'S EXAGGERATIONS.
WAIT...IS THAT VENTREXIA?
HUSH. A WORTHY FOE APPROACHES.

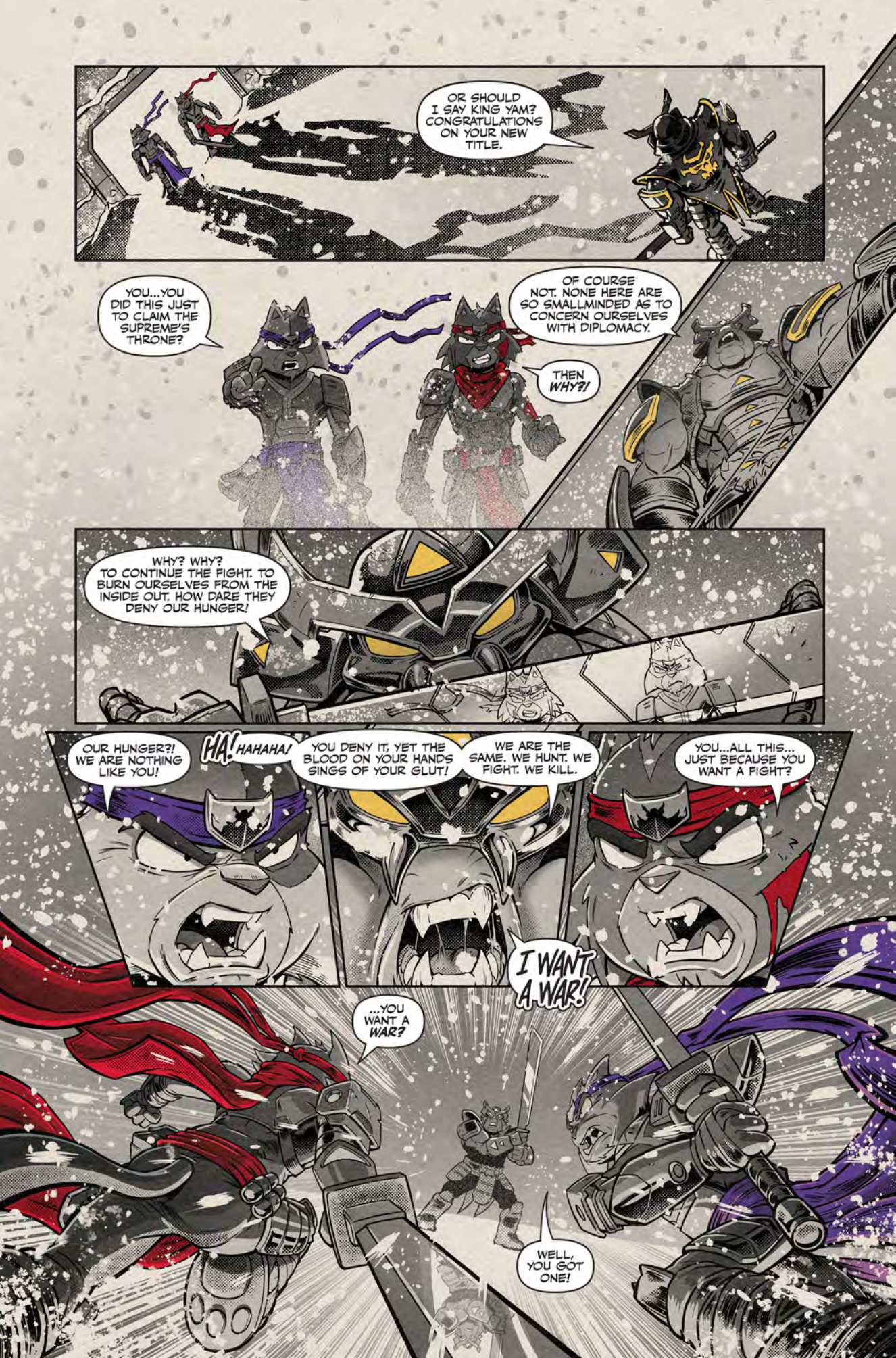

AT LAST WE MEET. I EAGERLY AWAITED YOUR ARRIVAL.
IS HE TALKING TO US?
I APPLAUD YOUR RESOLVE, A REPUTATION WHICH PRECEDES YOU, YAM. AND I MUST ADMIT YOUR APPRENTICE HAS TALENT. PERHAPS GREATER EVEN THAN YOUR OWN. HOWEVER, I REGRET THAT I MUST KILL HIM BEFORE THE HEIGHT OF THAT POTENTIAL IS REACHED.
I THINK HE'S MONOLOGUING.
SEEMS DISHONORABLE TO KILL HIM BEFORE HEARING WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.
YO! WE CAN'T HEAR YOU, SO WE'RE JUST GOING TO FIGHT YOU NOW, OKAY?
MAYBE YOU WILL HEAR THE SCREAM OF THE SPINNING BLADES OF TIM, THE LAST WITLESS SCION OF THE FALLEN HOUSES OF TRYVULLIA.
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
CRAFTED BY THE ARMORERS OF BENATAR GIRALDONIA, THESE BLADES WILL SLICE APART ANY--

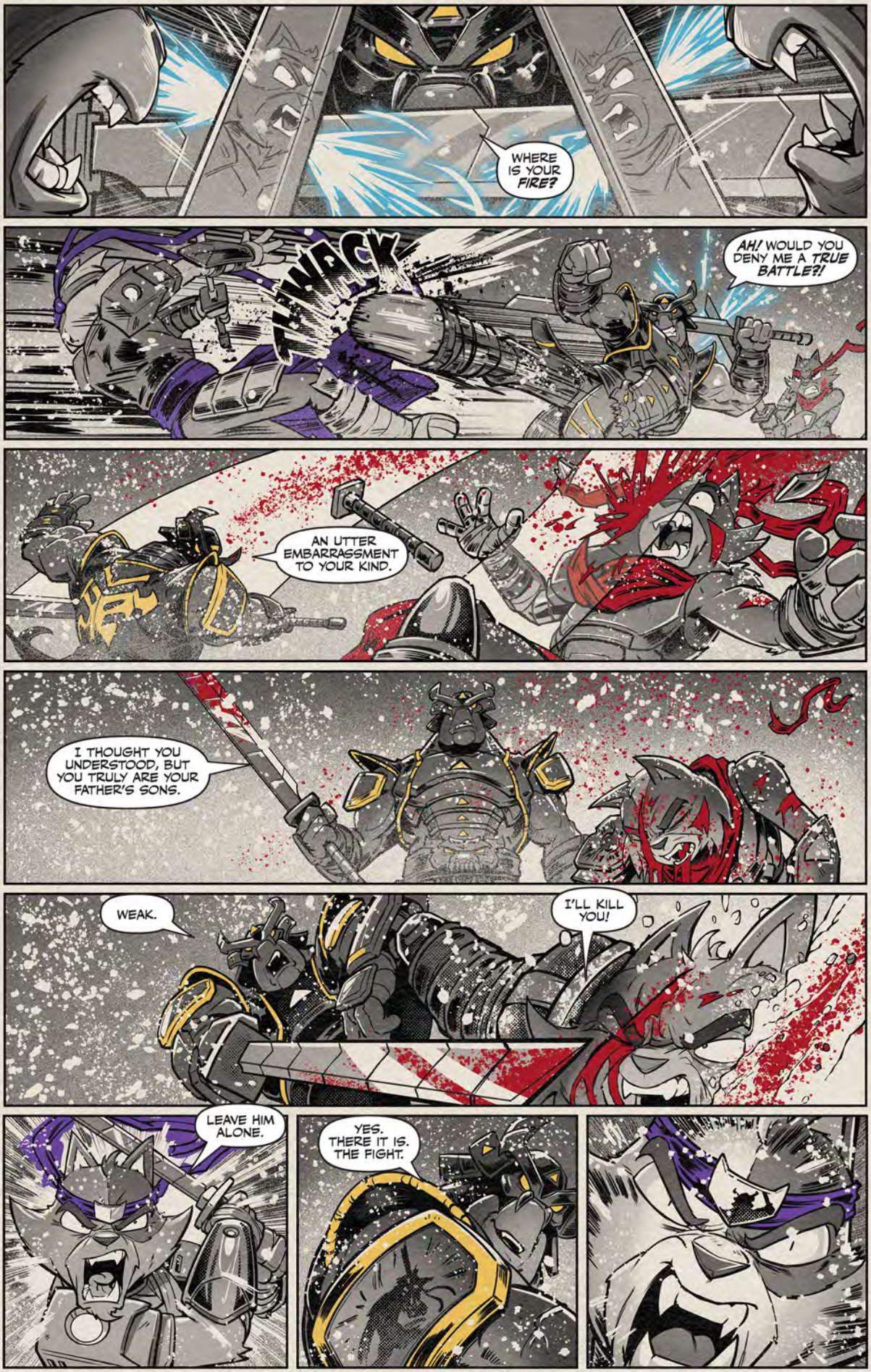
BENATAR BLADES! WE GOTTA MOVE.
WE'RE PINNED DOWN!
BEEP BEEP BEEP
MOVE NOW!
BOOM
KLAK KLAK KLAK
HE'S RELOADING.
I'VE GOT AN IDEA. DISTRACT HIM.
I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO KNOW YOU IN YOUR DAYS OF GLORY, TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE BROTHERS OF SUCH SKILL AND REPUTE.
HEY. I FEEL LIKE WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG PAW. LET'S START OVER. MY NAME IS FIG.
BUT AS MY FATHER'S SINS HAVE HAUNTED ME, AND I AM MADE TO ATONE, OUR FELLOWSHIP CANNOT BE.

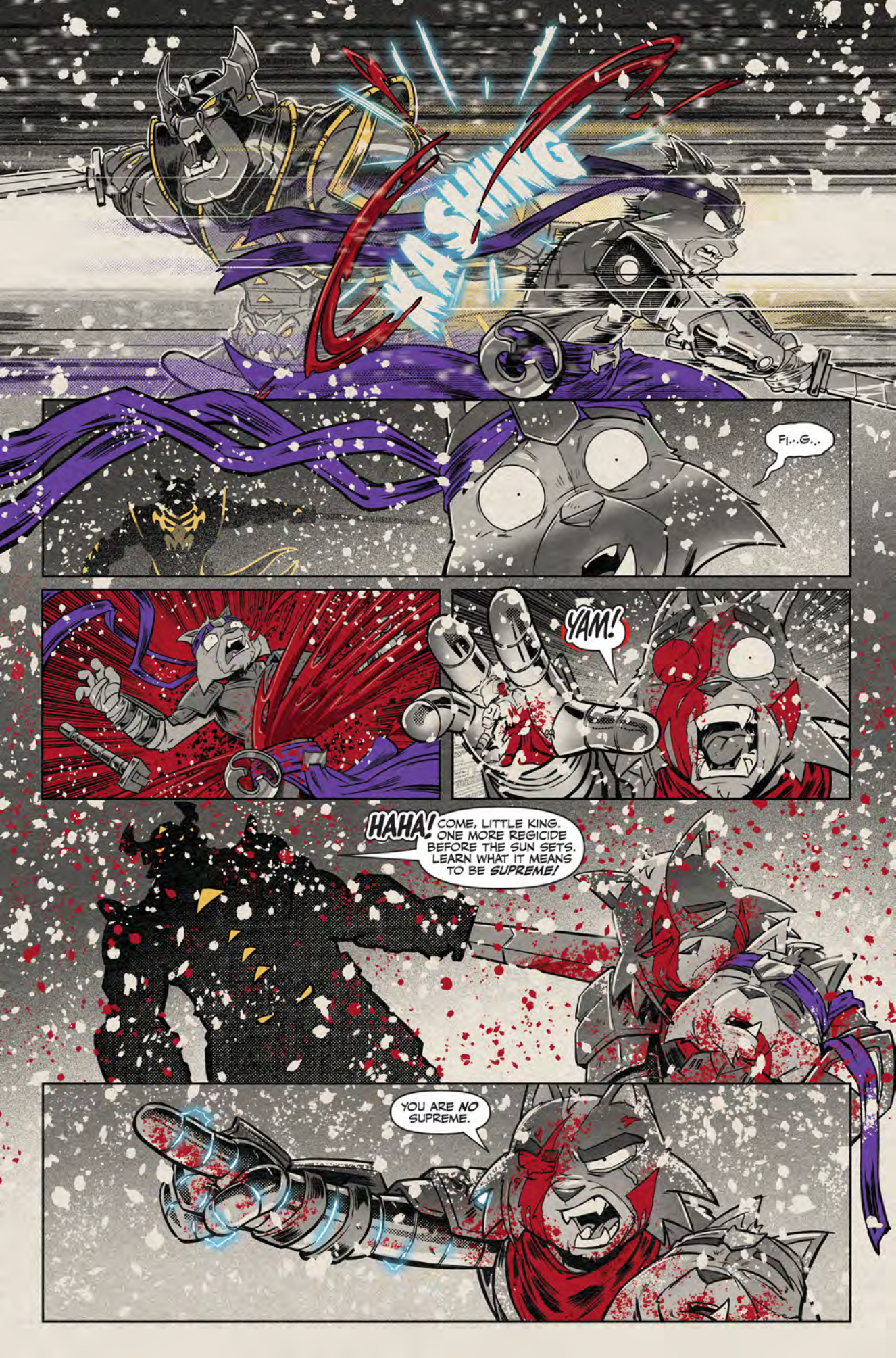
UH HUH. I'M SURE. ALSO. THAT'S MY BROTHER, YAM.
WELL MET, WARRIOR.
IF ONLY THESE STAINED HANDS COULD GRASP YOUR OWN, TO SUP ON FINE MEATS AND WINES AND SHARE TALES OF OUR EXPLOITS...
CRACK
CRACK


OH.
SPLAT!
I'LL ADMIT, THAT DIDN'T FEEL GREAT.
SAME.
ONCE WE OPEN THIS DOOR, EVERYTHING CHANGES FOREVER. I'M PROUD TO STAND BESIDE THE GREATEST WARRIOR I HAVE EVER TRAINED.
GREATER STILL...THAT YOU ARE MY MOST BELOVED BROTHER.
MY BIG BROTHER GETTING EMOTIONAL? NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY.
LET'S CHANGE HISTORY.


THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS
WE'RE TOO LATE!
FATHER! NOOOO!
AH, THE FATED PRINCES.
GENERAL WOLF! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

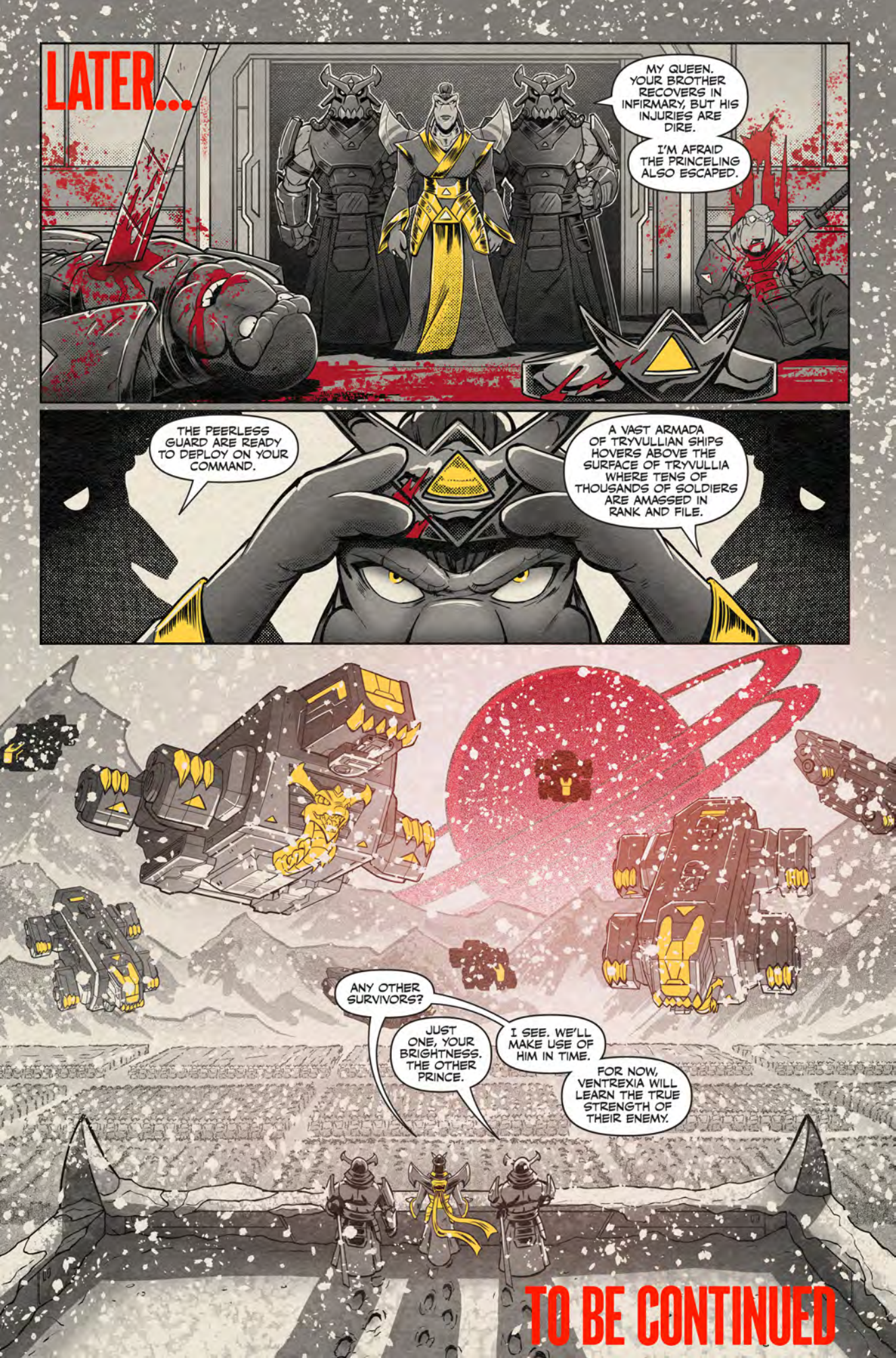

OR SHOULD I SAY KING YAM? CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW TITLE.
YOU...YOU DID THIS JUST TO CLAIM THE SUPREME'S THRONE?
OF COURSE NOT. NONE HERE ARE SO SMALLMINDED AS TO CONCERN OURSELVES WITH DIPLOMACY.
THEN WHY?!
WHY? WHY? TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT. TO BURN OURSELVES FROM THE INSIDE OUT. HOW DARE THEY DENY OUR HUNGER!
OUR HUNGER?! WE ARE NOTHING LIKE YOU!
HA! HAHAHA!
YOU DENY IT, YET THE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS SINGS OF YOUR GLUT!
WE ARE THE SAME. WE HUNT. WE FIGHT. WE KILL.
YOU...ALL THIS... JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT A FIGHT?
I WANT A WAR!
...YOU WANT A WAR?
WELL, YOU GOT ONE!


WHERE IS YOUR FIRE?
TWACK
AH! WOULD YOU DENY ME A TRUE BATTLE?!
AN UTTER EMBARRASSMENT TO YOUR KIND.
I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD, BUT YOU TRULY ARE YOUR FATHER'S SONS.
WEAK.
I'LL KILL YOU!
LEAVE HIM ALONE.
YES. THERE IT IS. THE FIGHT.


SMASHING
FI...G...
YAM!
HAHA! COME, LITTLE KING. ONE MORE REGICIDE BEFORE THE SUN SETS. LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SUPREME!
YOU ARE NO SUPREME.

YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WHO DOOMED A NATION.
BY

CRUNCH
HUH?
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! FINISH IT! COWARD!
I WILL FINISH IT. I'LL BURN YOUR WHOLE WORLD DOWN AROUND YOU AS YOU WATCH.


LATER...
MY QUEEN. YOUR BROTHER RECOVERS IN INFIRMARY, BUT HIS INJURIES ARE DIRE.
I'M AFRAID THE PRINCELING ALSO ESCAPED.
THE PEERLESS GUARD ARE READY TO DEPLOY ON YOUR COMMAND.
A VAST ARMADA OF TRYVULLIAN SHIPS HOVERS ABOVE THE SURFACE OF TRYVULLIA WHERE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS ARE AMASSED IN RANK AND FILE.
ANY OTHER SURVIVORS?
JUST ONE, YOUR BRIGHTNESS. THE OTHER PRINCE.
I SEE. WE'LL MAKE USE OF HIM IN TIME.
FOR NOW, VENTREXIA WILL LEARN THE TRUE STRENGTH OF THEIR ENEMY.
TO BE CONTINUED